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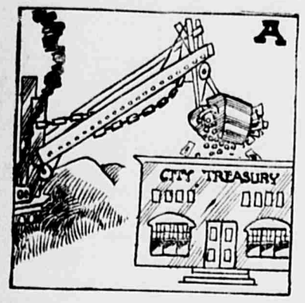
WATER, WASTE AND GRAFT.



A STEAM shovel will handle earth, money or anything else portable more quickly than 100 hard working men. The United States Government has many steam shovels digging the Panama Canal. There is only one steam shovel at work on the Catskill water scheme, which will cost more than the Panama Canal.

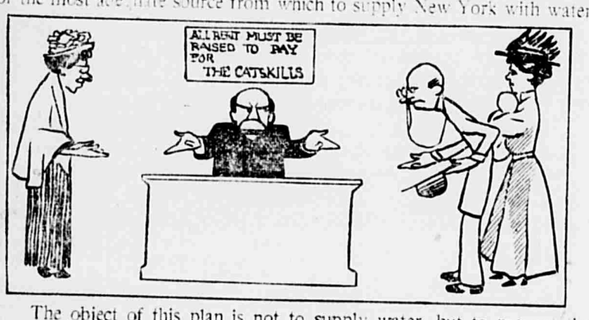
None of the prominent engineers who studied the sources of additional water for New York put Esopus Creek first. Preventing waste, utilizing the Croton watershed which the city already owns, tapping the vast volume of water underlying Long Island, using the Dutchess County or Ten Mile River or Housatonic water, are all by general engineering consent preferable and cheaper than go to the Catskills.

Through Mayor McClellan's influence the Catskill plan was adopted. So far it has obligated the city to a greater expenditure than the whole Croton water system cost, and there is nothing to show for it except some borings, some maps, a little branch railroad, a steam shovel, twelve condemnation commissions, a few score lawyers and a few thousand Catskill guards, engineers, draughtsmen, photographers, appraisers, experts, clerks and other salary drawers.

The Esopus scheme which Engineer John R. Freeman rejected originally on the ground of inadequate supply, and the excessive expense, which he estimated to be $33,105,000, has developed under dexterous handling to a prospective expenditure of $300,000,000.

This expenditure is wasteful folly.

Both the folly and the waste are confessed. No hydraulic engineer of standing undertakes to assert that Esopus Creek is either the cheapest or the most adequate source from which to supply New York with water.



The object of this plan is not to supply water, but to prevent the municipal construction of more subways.

The interest on the bonds and the sinking fund will require the raising of $18,000,000 a year. Salaries of the Catskill guards, engineers, commissioners and other employees will amount to $3,500,000 or $4,000,000 a year more. This expenditure will increase taxes a fifth and will cripple New York financially so that future city administrations will be hampered. It means an extra month's rent.

By selling these water bonds to the sinking fund the automatic revenue available for new subways is diverted.

Of this enormous expenditure a great part is waste and a great part is graft. So far the greater part has been graft.

If the Esopus scheme were an honestly devised plan to get water it would never be conducted as it is now. There would have been no intimations to engineers "to spend as much money as possible." There would have been no advance tips to enable the land option ring to acquire swamp land at $8 an acre and sell it to the city at $150 an acre. There would be no 2,000 Catskill guards, no clubhouses maintained at taxpayers' cost, no string of $50 a day commissioners, counsel and experts. The job would have been handled as the Pennsylvania Railroad does its contract work.

The way in which the city's money is being squandered is almost incredible. This paper would not believe it possible unless it had made a personal examination and had the concurrent statements of many of the men employed at it.

What the facts are the news columns will tell. The story is one of folly, waste and chicanery.

Letters from the People.

The Cost of Living.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In regard to the question about the cost of living, &c., we can hope for no improvement until the people wake up a little. Were wages to double to-morrow, I think the cost of living would double next week, just as sure as eternity. It has been so from the start and always will be. J. S.

Garfield, July 2, 1881. Lincoln, April 14, 1865.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What were the dates when Garfield and Lincoln were shot? W. D. C., Port Reading, N. J.

None Universally Observed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a national holiday in the United States? NICK.

Custer's Last Fight.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been very much interested in Col. Cody's "Tales of the Plains," and particularly so in his account of the terrible tragedy of the Custer massacre. In 1898 Chief Gaul, in conducting a commission over the field, is reported to have said "Had Reno fought one-fourth as hard from his side as did Custer there would have been no massacre. Instead victory." It will be recalled from Col. Cody's article that after Reno's unsuccessful attack upon the village he was driven back across the Little Big Horn River and took up a defensive position on a hill on the east side of the stream, where he was held in check by a small force of the Sioux, the main body of the warriors having been withdrawn to concentrate on Custer, who had attacked the village from another point. I once read a statement from Sitting Bull, who was interviewed about the fight. He was quoted as saying that the force which held Reno in check was made up of squaws and boys. N. Y.

Alexander Pope.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was it Pope or Poe who wrote to the effect that "First we are shocked at evil, then we endure it and finally we embrace it?" Also what are the exact words of the quotation? E. M.

Alexander Pope wrote:

Vice is a creature of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen.
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Aug. 8, 1865.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Kindly inform me the date and year of Gen. Grant's funeral. T. B.

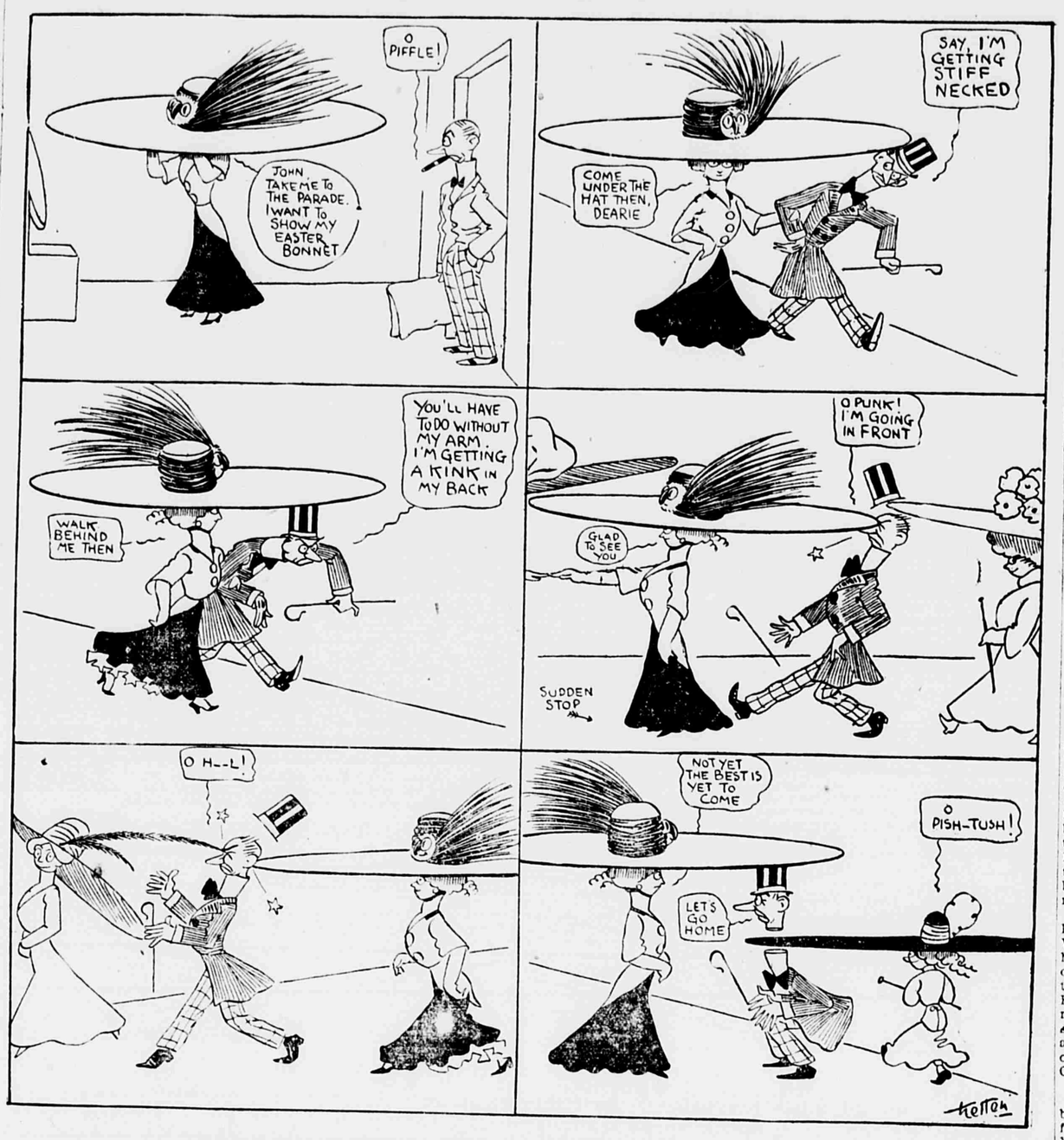
"What Sum?"

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Readers, what sum must I pay for a house so that after spending $50 for repairs I can gain 5 per cent. by selling for $4,200? Who can solve this? JAMES.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Don't Worry About the Goulds' Troubles--or Anybody Else's--That's the Way to Be Happy Even Though You've Got No Money

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"SO there's more trouble in the Gould family," said Mr. Jarr. "One would think that people with all their money could get along well. I wonder what it's all about."

"Maybe that young Mr. Gould has been staying out late till all hours," said Mrs. Jarr, significantly. "I know some men without money who do the same thing, and if they don't look out they may find that their wives won't stand it either!"

"Meaning?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Never mind who I mean!" replied the lady.

"Oh," said Mr. Jarr, "I thought for a moment you might have meant something personal, but, as I was saying, it shows that plenty of money doesn't keep people together, does it?"

"It probably helps to separate them," said Mrs. Jarr. "Many a woman wouldn't stand for the neglect and ill-treatment they do if they had the means to support themselves; that's why poor men or even men of moderate means should be a little more considerate. Doesn't it occur to you that it is a little cowardly for a man to drink and neglect his home and abuse a poor wife who has to take it with meekness and patience, because she is dependent on the man for the support of herself and her children? And if she did leave her husband it would only make matters worse."

"There aren't many of them bear it with meekness and patience," replied Mr. Jarr. "Sometimes neglect and even drinking is an effect and not a cause of marital unhappiness. The wife keeps growling and grumbling and finding fault at everything her husband does and gets to believe that if a man is a moment late or takes a glass of beer he is a brute and a wretch. More men have been driven to saloons and to keeping away from their homes by nagging women than you imagine."

"Do you mean me?" asked Mrs. Jarr, quickly. "Do you think I am going to stand for the way you act without saying a word? I guess not! You behave yourself and you will find your wife cheerful and your home pleasant, I tell you that!"

"Oh, I wasn't speaking about ourselves," said Mr. Jarr, seeing he had put his foot in it. "You don't scold at all, and I don't drink or stay out late; oh, we get along all right. Wish other people got along half so well."

"Of course, I do not scold," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'd scorn to do such a thing; but you needn't try to pretend you are a saint or an angel. I want to tell you"——

But Mr. Jarr thought it best to get away from such a ticklish subject. "I'll bet it's fine in the country now," he said.

"You never mind the country!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Let us have an understanding about this thing right now!"

"Do you think we should go to the seashore this year?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I'm not talking about the seashore, and you need not try to avoid the subject you started," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want to know"——

"Oh, I take it all back," said Mr. Jarr hastily. "Don't let's talk about it. What are those big white bows all the women are wearing?"

"Hem!" said Mrs. Jarr, "you are mighty interested in those bows, I suppose! Well, if you want to know, they are called 'The Merry Widow' bows, but then everything is 'Merry Widow' now. A widow may have some cause to be merry," she added, "but certainly very few married women have!"

Mr. Jarr hastened to get away from this line of argument.

"I was just going to ask you why you didn't get one," said Mr. Jarr. "I imagine they'd be becoming to you. Here's three dollars; get a good one!"

"Now," said Mrs. Jarr, "if you always spoke kindly to me, there'd never be a word between us. Maybe if young Gould"——

"Never mind other people's troubles," said Mr. Jarr in alarm. "I'm glad we know how to be happy though poor."

After he was gone Mrs. Jarr wondered what he'd be up to next. "You have to look out for them when they give you something you haven't asked for," she said to herself slowly.

Japanese Smile Is Most Peculiar.

LAFCADIO HEARN says a people who smile naturally cannot wear the expression of the Japanese. A Japanese can smile whenever he wants, even in the jaws of death. It is a law of etiquette elaborated and cultivated for many centuries until it has become a silent language. They smile in the face of sorrow and suffering, paradoxical as this seems. This smile says: "I do not wish you to suffer with me; I bear my sorrow, suffering and trials alone."

Reddy the Rooter

He's Bound to Get There or Something Will Burst

By George Hopf

The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 16—W. H. HARRISON.—Part 11.—Winning the Northwest

HARRISON had smashed Tecumseh's army at Tippecanoe, and the Indians seemed quieted forever by this punishment. The settling of the West was looked forward to now as an easy matter. But next year (in June, 1812) war broke out between the United States and Great Britain. Instantly the Indians swarmed to arms again, flocking to the British standard. And the work of subduing them had to be begun all over. Harrison was sent to the front, first as Militia General, then as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the Northwest.

"You will exercise your own discretion and act in all cases according to your own judgment."

So ran his official instructions. No American commander except Washington had ever been allowed such free scope for action. Gen. Hull had weakly surrendered Detroit, leaving the northwestern border open to the horde of British and Indians, who rushed down from Canada upon the unprotected country. Harrison had the trust and devotion of his whole territory. Men joined his ranks by the thousand, drawn only by the strength of his reputation. He found the army in almost a state of mutiny because of bad food and incompetent leaders. Quickly straightening out these various tangles, Harrison made ready for his campaign. He had his plan carefully worked out. It included a suggestion that led to the placing of Perry's fleet on Lake Erie, and, incidentally, to that commander's great victory there. Gen Winchester, mistaking Harrison's orders, was badly beaten (Jan. 21, 1813), on the Raisin River, by the British leader, Proctor. Other American officers, disregarding Harrison's commands, met with like reverses. Despite these set backs, the Commander-in-Chief pursued his campaign gallantly. On Sept. 10, Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie. Harrison was now free to attack the British in the Northwest with the knowledge that they could expect no help as formerly from their ships on the Great Lakes. He had patiently bided his time. Now he struck.

The Battle of Lake Erie.

He marched into Canada against Proctor and Tecumseh. These leaders, with a strong army of British, Canadians and Indians, entrenched themselves in a seemingly impregnable position, protected by a river and a wide swamp. The fight occurred on Oct. 7, 1813, and lasted but a few minutes. Harrison sent Col. Johnson forward in a cavalry charge that crumpled the British line. A second cavalry detachment charged and scattered the Indians. The Americans pressed forward. Tecumseh was killed; almost the whole British force was captured. Proctor saved himself by escaping on foot to the woods and hiding there. Upper Canada and all the British arms, ammunition and provisions it contained were seized. The Indians were taught not only that their British friends could not protect them, but that Uncle Sam was an enemy who had a way of winning his battles against them. Henceforth the Mississippi valley was open to settlement.

Harrison went to Washington, hailed everywhere as the nation's hero. But there the incompetence and jealousy of John Armstrong, Secretary of War, made matters so unpleasant that the conqueror of Proctor resigned his commission. Timid President Madison, though not quite daring to oppose his secretary, appointed Harrison Chief Indian Commissioner. In this office the old fighter continued for years his splendid services to the Republic. Later he settled on a farm at North Bend, Ohio. But he was not allowed to give up public life. Ohio sent him to Congress. There, some men who had been injured by Harrison's suppression of graft among army contractors tried to revenge themselves by filing ridiculous charges of dishonesty against him. He fought the accusation so successfully that Congress officially announced:

"General Harrison stands above suspicion!"

Re-elected to Congress he worked to obtain better pension laws for the benefit of old soldiers and continued to devote himself to the West's welfare. In 1824 he went to the United States Senate and four years later became United States Minister to Colombia. When Jackson came to the Presidency, Harrison was one of the thousands "Old Hickory" deprived of office for the benefit of his own friends. Harrison came home from Colombia (at his own expense), settled once more on his Ohio farm, and, oddly enough, accepted the humble office of county clerk. On this meagre position he lavished as much care and work as he had on his military and Senatorial duties.

In 1836 he was nominated by the Whig party for President. But his Democratic opponent, Martin Van Buren, not only carried New York's vote, but was too tricky in other ways for the simple old soldier. Van Buren won by 170 electoral votes to Harrison's 73. But, four years later, when Van Buren's term ended under a cloud of financial depression, and the two came up again for election, Harrison won, receiving 234 electoral votes to Van Buren's 60. John Tyler was elected Vice-President. The campaign slogan was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" The facts that one wing of Harrison's farmhouse was built like a log cabin and that cider was the only beverage he drank, were also made use of. The contest was known as the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign." Harrison was overwhelmingly elected and left his farm for the White House. It was a fatal step.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too."

The old, war-worn man, accustomed of late to quiet and peace, found himself suddenly the central figure of the nation. He was unused to the honors now showered upon him. His simple nature could not grasp the thousand intricacies and intrigues of the capital. Throngs of office-seekers surged about him, clamoring for fat jobs, persecuting him and in countless ways making his life a burden. He became President on March 4, 1841. Thirty-one days later he was dead—literally killed by office and office-seekers. As he lay dying, in delirium, he fancied he was addressing his successor. Starting up he exclaimed:

"Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of government. I desire them carried out. I ask nothing more!"

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Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Curse of the Gould Millions.


BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

NOW it is the Frank Goulds that are supplying object lessons in ill-assorted matrimony to a wondering public. On the heels of Mme. Anna Gould's departure from New York coincidentally with the Prince de Sagan, whom she plans to wed, comes the announcement of the separation of Frank Gould and the wife he married when she was seventeen. The young man in an interview attributes this unhappy conclusion of his romance to the curse of money.

No one has ever determined exactly what point between riches and poverty supplies the medium of happiness. Eliminating the married couples who blame their misfortunes on the possession of money and those who think their troubles come from the lack of it, how many persons would be left? Not enough to keep the divorce mill grinding on half-time a week. Neither poverty nor wealth should be able to alter any real affection existing between a man and a woman. But the estrangements that arise from the daily worries of debt and doctor's bills are far more excusable than the differences brought about by too much money.

Poverty paralyzes some natures, while it nerves others to achievement. One man will be unable to write a story or make a sale of any kind simply because he knows the rent is due and there is no other prospect of paying it. Another will be stimulated to unusual exertions and great success by the same fact. So, too, the possession of great wealth may bring to one a developing sense of responsibility to himself and the world. To another it may chloroform utterly every impulse beyond that of selfish enjoyment. Frank Gould says dejectedly that his money is a curse. Did he ever try to make it a blessing to others? His sister Helen, whose vast charities have endeared her to thousands, would not say that the Gould money is a curse. Neither would any one else, even though he took into account the hearts that were broken, the lives that were wrecked in its accumulation.

Any man who tries to spend the income of millions on himself, his amusements, the selfish pleasures of his family, will be cursed by it. He will see the world shut in on him, its walls growing, like a mirrored room, narrower every day till at last he is confronted on all sides by reflections of himself. And no possible angle of vision will ever give him any other view.

If Frank Gould's wealth has been a curse, if it has alienated him permanently from the equally spoiled child he married, it is because neither of them knew nor cared to learn what happiness their wealth could buy for others, but used it merely to purchase unhappiness for themselves.